



Library

C

University of Pittsburgh

Darlington Memorial Library


Dar

Class E87

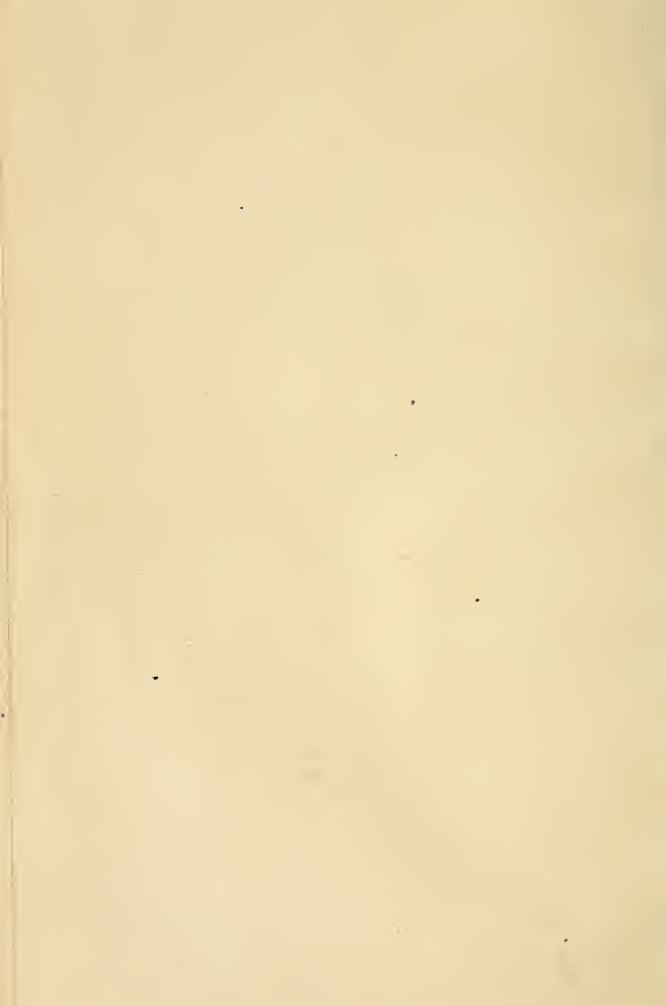
Book H255







Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Pittsburgh Library System





See Dunlop's Daily Chronicle
of Philadelphia for Dec 1st 1792
for original account

1-

A

NARRATIVE

OF THE

SUFFERINGS

OF
(White)

MASSY HARBISON, b. 1770

FROM

Indian Barbarity,

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF HER CAPTIVITY, THE
MURDER OF HER TWO CHILDREN, HER
ESCAPE, WITH AN INFANT AT HER
BREAST ;

TOGETHER

With some account of the cruelties of the Indians, on
the Allegheny River, &c. during the years, 1790,
'91, '92, '93, '94.

COMMUNICATED BY HERSELF.

Pittsburgh :

PRINTED BY S. ENGLS.

.....

1825.

Der

E87

H255

2306

214/21

TO THE READER.

— 30 —

IN being the instrument of presenting to the public the following narrative, the Editor was influenced by several considerations, some of which he may be permitted to mention to the public. The repeated solicitations of a *poor widow*, who in the first settlement of this western country, acted the noble part of a pioneer; and encountered those numerous privations, hardships and sufferings, which are related within; and many more, which from their nature, will not admit of being recorded.—The firm conviction that the sufferings herein recorded are *true*, notwithstanding their singular nature, and almost incredulous magnitude; for he has made it his business to converse with many, who are now alive, who were eye and ear witnesses of many of the scenes here related by the widow. And, whenever, from the nature of the circumstances in which she was placed, the facts could be corroborated, they have been attested as true, from multitudes of indubitable veracity. Her captivity, the murder of her two children, the length of time she was in captivity, and her almost miraculous escape from Indian barbarity, are facts well known to hundreds yet alive. And although we cannot substantiate by any one, the peculiar privations she underwent while a captive, and in her escape; yet we know that “the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel,” and, that when she came in from captivity, her emaciated and haggard look, her wretched and helpless condition, and her sun-burnt and mangled body, gave full evidence, that her sufferings had been equal, or, even superior to her tale of sorrow.

Her escape from captivity, with an *infant at her breast*; is a circumstance, as far as I can learn, that is without a parallel, in all the *heroic achievements of women*, during the savage warfare in the western country. The vigilance of the savages over their prisoners was so great, that it was found almost impossible to escape from them; and if by possibility any escaped from them, their search was so strict so long protracted, and so industriously kept up, that it was

with the utmost difficulty, men of the most robust constitution, active perseverance, and possessing the most minute acquaintance with the wilderness, were able finally to escape.

Such deeds of valour, suffering, and privation, ought to be distinctly and minutely recorded, that our sons and daughters, and future generations, may know what was endured by those who first braved the dangers of the wilderness, exposing themselves to the scalping-knife and tomahawk, that they might turn the barren land into a fruitful field; and that hence posterity might learn the obligation and gratitude which they owe to their ancestors, and properly to appreciate the inestimable privileges transmitted to them, and hence be concerned to transmit the same blessing to their posterity unimpaired.

There is a time coming, too, when the *aborigines* of this country will excite much more attention than at present; and when every thing relative to their character, mode of life, exploits, warfare and savage cruelty, will be sought after with extreme avidity. It is, therefore, of importance that those acts, which illustrate their distinctive character, should be preserved from being buried in forgetfulness, that when their savage mode of life shall be destroyed, and they, amalgamated with civilized society, shall cultivate the arts, commerce and religion, their original condition should be remembered, their character be delineated, and their improvement and felicity be accurately traced.

The Editor might have presented to the public many certificates of respectable citizens, attesting to the veracity of the facts narrated by the widow, if he had judged it necessary to substantiate them.

But he considers that the things are told in such a manner, that they carry the evidence of their truth with them, and that they are of *too peculiar a nature to be counterfeited*. And with all those who are acquainted with Indian barbarity, the representations which are here made, will be easily believed.

In a communication which was made to the Editor by Mr. John Clough, one of the Pioneers in the civilization

and cultivation of this western wilderness, and which will be found in a subsequent part of this work, he says, "I saw *Mrs. Harbison* when she was taken into Pittsburgh immediately after her return from her captivity, that she might give in her deposition before a magistrate, and remember that she was in a most deplorable and mangled condition. I assisted in pushing her up the Allegheny river to Coe's station, about 16 miles above Pittsburgh in a canoe, as she was then unable to walk herself."

To the above, I shall add a communication which I have received from the venerable patriot and pioneer of the western country, *Robert Scott, Esquire*, of the borough of Butler.

The certificate of Robert Scott, Esquire.

I certify to all to whom it may concern, that in the year 1790, I became acquainted with *Mrs. Massy Harbison*, the author of the ensuing "narrative." I have also examined the facts which are set forth in her "narrative," and can attest that there are a number of them, which I know to be facts, namely, those relating to the parts of families killed and wounded on the banks of the Allegheny River, above the mouth of Bull Creek. Also, the attack made by the Indians upon the Block House at Reed's Station; and of *Mrs. Harbison's* being taken prisoner at the same time; and of her children being killed by the Indians. These are facts, for I saw one of her children the next day after it had been scalped and murdered in the most barbarous manner, and I know that another of her children was found upon the Island, after her return, murdered and scalped, and was buried on the Island, according to her statement; and she herself was missing for several days, after she was taken prisoner by the Indians, before she came to the Allegheny River.

As to her account of *Mr. Hugh Mellon's* and *Mr. Thomas Field's* families, this is also true, as well as her account of *Bartholomew Garvey*. I was one of the first white men who saw him after he was killed. I also, was one that pursued the Indians who killed him. The account also which she gives of *David M'Kee* is also a fact, (but she is mis-

taken in the year in which it happened.) To the best of my recollection it was in the year 1793 that David M'Kee was killed. I was in company with him, about half an hour before he was killed.

Besides those above related, there are a number of other circumstances which she states as having taken place during that war, which to my own knowledge I can attest to be true. As to her own sufferings, and way of escape from the Indians, &c. in her reciting them, they have been always without any variation as to the facts. I heard her relate her story respecting her escape, and her difficulties a few days after she made her escape, and many times since then; and the account she gave, and now gives, does not vary in the least as to the facts.

Given under my hand and seal, the 26th day of May,
A. D. 1825.

ROBERT SCOTT, Esqr. (SEAL.)



It was deemed requisite to insert in the narrative, the official account of the defeat of General St. Clair, because his campaign, formed a prominent part of the history of this four years war; and, because the narrative itself would not have been complete without it. The few selections which have been made from published documents, have been made from books which are so seldom to be met with, that they may be new to the principal part of the readers of the narrative, and if they are not new, they are of such a nature, as always to give interest. Add to this the fact, that the youths of our happy country, cannot have too many, or too frequent opportunities, of reading the toils; and hardships, the dangers and enemies which their fathers had to endure, before they were able to transmit to them the blessings which they enjoy, in order to make them duly to value their privileges, as well as to exercise gratitude to their benefactors.

J. W.

Zeltnople, Nov. 4th.

NARRATIVE, &c.



CHAPTER I.

Birth, Removal from New-Jersey, Marriage, &c.

IN consequence of the solicitations of a great number of my friends, who have been made acquainted with my sufferings from Indian barbarity; and in compliance with the request of many of those who were witnesses of the scenes here recorded, I have come to the determination of presenting a narrative of my sufferings, &c. before an enlightened, and feeling public: being conscious they will sympathize with a *woman*, who endured so many privations and trials in the first settlement of this *now* happy country;—feel grateful for the repose, and felicity which they now enjoy, through the labour, and privation of those who preceded them;—and most willingly patronize a poor widow, who is left to provide for her family through her own industry.

I shall begin my narrative with a short account of my birth, parentage, removal to the western country, and marriage. I was born in Hamwell Township, Somerset County, New-Jersey, on the 18th of March 1770. In the days of my childhood, I

was an eye and ear witness, of some of those struggles which were endured for our independence and liberty. At the battles of Long-Island, Trenton, and Monmouth, I heard the roaring of the cannon, and the din of war. And when our Revolutionary Heroes were engaged in mortal combat with the enemies of our country at West-Field, I witnessed the bloody scene : for on that day I was at school near where the conflict took place, and upon the commencement of the battle, we left the school, ascended an eminence, which commanded a view of the field of battle, where we could hear the word of command given by the officers, and see the movements of the troops, until the smoke enveloped them.

My father, whose name was Edward White, was a soldier of the Revolution, was for three years during our Revolutionary struggle contractor for the army, and was in every battle, but that of Long-Island. Animated by a love of liberty, and a hope of enjoying it, he engaged in this arduous struggle, and had the felicity of realizing the accomplishment of his desires, in the overthrow of our enemies. After the establishment of peace, my father and family moved from New-Jersey to the Western parts of Pennsylvania, on the Monongahela River, to a place that was then called Redstone-fort, where Brownsville now stands. This took place in the year 1783, and in that place I lived with my father till the year '87, when I was married to John Harbison. My marriage incurred the displeasure of my father. Two years elapsed while I lived near him; at last finding that his displeasure did not abate, I moved with my husband to the banks of the Allegheny. We settled on the head waters of Chartier's Creek, where from 1789 to '91 we did extremely well, and had a prospect of continuing to do well; but the breaking out of the Indian war in March '91, blasted all our prospects, and the consequence of that war bereft us of all we possessed. So passes the fleeting enjoyments of the present life!

CHAPTER II

The commencement of Hostilities in 1790, &c.

The Savages, who had been persuaded to take a part with Great Britain, during our struggle for independence, were unwilling, when peace was restored, to bury the bloody tomahawk—they had not sufficiently bathed that murderous weapon in the blood of the Americans; hence they continued to exercise towards them the most wanton acts of barbarity, without the smallest pretext. It appears from the most indubitable testimony, that from 1783 when peace was made, to October 1790 when the United States commenced offensive operations against them, that on the Ohio, and the frontiers, the Indians killed, wounded, and took prisoners about 1500 men, women and children; besides taking away 2000 horses, and a large quantity of other property. The particulars of many of the acts of barbarity, although supported by indisputable evidence, are of too shocking a nature to be presented to the public. These cruelties were inflicted upon prisoners of different ages and sexes, and it is sufficient here to observe, that the scalping-knife and tomahawk were the mildest instruments of death, which were employed; in many cases torture by fire, and other execrable means were used.

The inhabitants of the frontiers on the banks of the Allegheny, during the year 1790, enjoyed repose, though many inhuman acts of barbarity were perpetrated on the frontiers by the savages, on the south side of the Ohio; to detail which, would be too tedious and disgusting, as well as swell the narrative beyond our intended limits.

The first acts of Indian aggression and cruelty, which took place on the banks of the Allegheny in 1791, was the attack which the Savages made upon the house of Mr. Thomas Dick, living below the mouth of Deer Creek. This attack was made on the 18th of March 1791. Mr. Dick and his wife were made prisoners, and a young man who was

living in the house with them was killed and scalped, and a considerable number of horses was stolen. Mr. Dick and his wife, though, they were the subjects of those cruelties which were to be endured by those who were so miserable as to fall into the hands of these barbarians, yet, had their lives spared them, and at the termination of four years, when peace was restored, through the victory which General Wayne obtained over the Indians, they obtained their liberty again, with nearly 400 more.

On the night of the 22d of March, that is four days after the preceding act, seven Indians came into the house of Mr. Abraham Russ who lived about two miles above the mouth of Bull Creek, and twenty-three miles from Pittsburgh, on the Allegheny river, in a friendly manner, leaving their rifles at the door, (a well known token of Indian friendship) and solicited their supper. Their request was complied with, and supper was procured for them, and they sat down and supped. When they had supped one of the Savages went and placed himself against the door, to prevent any of the family from escaping, while the rest with their instruments of death, (the tomahawks) began an indiscriminate murder of the inhabitants of the house, who had just treated them with so much hospitality. They succeeded in their diabolical project, so far, as to tomahawk and scalp four men, old Mrs. Russ, the mother of Mr. Russ, and six children. Then plundered what they pleased from the house, bore away their plunder, and set fire to the house, and burnt the dead bodies with the buildings.

Mrs. Dary, daughter of old Mrs. Russ, stood and endured the appalling and heart rending sight, of an Indian's taking her own child, of eighteen months old, and knocking its brains out against the head of her mother, by which means her mother was also killed. Thus by one inhuman act of barbarity, she was deprived of a mother and a child! When she beheld this, she made to the door, to attempt an escape herself; then one of the Indians struck a blow at her head, with his tomahawk; but she raised her left arm,

and averted the blow, so that the end of the tomahawk only cut her cheek. She succeeded in getting to the door, and in pulling it to pieces, being made only of clapboards, by which means she made her escape, and left an open passage for those who were able to follow her. Three of her daughters then made their escape by following her. Mrs. Dary, sister-in-law to young Mrs. Russ, then made her escape, and three of her daughters with her. Agnes Clerk had the felicity of escaping with two children, and Catharine Cutwright also escaped with them, having lost her husband and son.

John Dary, a lad of thirteen or fourteen years of age, a son of Mr. Jacob Dary and Mrs. Dary who was the proprietor of the house, but who was from home when this melancholy catastrophe took place, who escaped, when he saw the manner of the Indians at supper, suspecting that all was not right; privately made his escape from the house, and hid himself in a hollow tree, where he remained till the next morning, when he removed to a hole in some rocks, on little Bull Creek: in this situation he remained till the third day, when he was frightened from his retreat by the appearance of a wolf; and Jacob, a younger brother of six years of age, escaped from the house during the bloody conflict, and hid himself under a log, and covered himself over with leaves. While he was there secreted, the Indians repeatedly came upon the log, with fire in their hands, in quest of those who had escaped, but he was mercifully preserved, by an over-ruling Providence, from falling a prey to their cruelty.

The women, and children who had escaped, hastened to the river, when they called so as to be heard a mile and a half, and Levi Johnson, son-in-law to Mrs. Russ, ventured at the hazard of his life to cross the river in a canoe for them, by which means seventeen persons were preserved from falling a prey to those monsters. The night was very frosty and severe, and those who had thus crossed the river, had to run nine miles, many of them nearly naked, without shoes to their feet, and through the woods

for a place of shelter. By the time they came to a place where they felt any way secure, Mrs. Dary was nearly exhausted with the loss of blood, from the wound she had received in the face, in her forcing a passage out of the house.

The tidings of this melancholy and heart sickening event, spread with great rapidity through the country. It was brought to me, and to seven or eight families beside, within a mile of the Allegheny and Kiskiminitas, by Messrs. William Critchlow and Samuel Orr, about 11 o'clock that night. By this intelligence I was greatly alarmed and agitated for an hour; when we had packed up all we were able to carry with us, and were ready to start. I then mounted on a horse, with one child in my arms, and another about four years old, tied on behind me, to prevent him from falling off; and I was within two months of being confined with a third. We traveled about seven miles, to Mr. James Paul's on Pine run, where we arrived about day break.

By the time the sun rose, there were between 70 and 80 women and children collected to this retreat. And all the men (four excepted), had left us to pursue the Indians. The pursuers first went to the place where the awful massacre had taken place, there they found the smell, which proceeded from the burning of the dead bodies, to be so awfully offensive, that they were scarcely able to endure it. From thence they proceeded a mile below the Kiskiminitas on the Allegheny, and erected a Block-house, where, in two weeks time, all the families who had fled from our neighbourhood returned, and remained during the summer.

My husband, John Harbison, then enlisted in the six month service, in a corps raised by Captain Guthrie, and proceeded to the Miami Village, under the command of General St. Clair, and was in the fatal engagement, in which the Indian Savages so completely out-generalled, and defeated General St. Clair. My husband left me for this expedition, at the above mentioned block-house, which had received

ed the name of Reed's Station, with three helpless children, and came partially among strangers on the 3d of August.—And he did not return till the 24th of December, when he came home wounded. The wound he received in the fatal battle on the 4th day of November, when General St. Clair was defeated.

On the 6th of November, two days after the above engagement, the Indians attacked David M'Kee and another young man, at a fish basket, on the river seven miles from the Station, and most brutally massacred and scalped them. This was the last act of Savage barbarity perpetrated on the banks of the Allegheny this season.

CHAPTER III.

ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT.

The following message from the President of the United States, to Congress, was presented by his Secretary, Mr. Lear.

UNITED STATES, DEC. 12, 1791.

Gentlemen of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives—

It is with great concern that I communicate to you the information received from Major General St. Clair, of the misfortune that has befallen the troops under his command.

Although the national loss is considerable, according to the scale of the event, yet it may be repaired without great difficulty, excepting as to the brave men who have fallen on the occasion, and who are a subject of public, as well as of private regret.

A further communication will shortly be made, of all such matters as shall be necessary, to enable the legislature to judge of the future measures which it may be proper to pursue.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

Fort Washington, Oct. 6, 1791.

SIR,

I have now the satisfaction to inform you, that the army moved from fort Hamilton, the name I have

given to the fort on the Miami, on the 4th, at eight in the morning, under the command of general Butler. The order of march and encampment I had regulated before, and on the third returned to this place to get up the militia. They marched yesterday, and consist of about three hundred men, as you will see by the enclosed abstract of the muster. I have reason to believe, however, that at least an equal number will be up here by the tenth, and I have left orders for their following us. The monthly return should have accompanied this letter, but it was not ready when I left camp, and has not been forwarded since. I have hitherto found it impossible to reduce the officers commanding corps to punctuality with respect to their returns, but they are mending. Our numbers, after deducting the garrisons of this place and fort Hamilton, are about two thousand, exclusive of militia. I trust I shall find them sufficient; and should the rest of the militia come on, it would make the matter pretty certain. But the season is now so far advanced, that I fear the intermediate posts, which indeed would have been highly necessary, it will be impossible to establish: in that however, I must be governed by circumstances, of which I will take care that you shall be apprized in due time. Should the enemy come to meet us, which seems to be expected, and be discomfited, there will be no difficulties: but if they expect us at the Miami villages, the business will wear another face, and the intermediate posts become more essential.

Since the quarter master has been here, and got into his geers, which it took him a little time to do, I am very well satisfied with him, and do believe he will answer the description which you were pleased to give me of him: his business seems now to be well arranged.

In order to communicate with some degree of certainty with your office, I have directed captain Buel, when he arrives, to send a serjeant and twelve men to a house that has been newly erected, half way between this place and Lexington, to each of

which two men are to be sent off on every Monday morning to carry despatches.—Those for the war office, or any other public letters, to be put into the hands of Mr. Charles Wilkins, merchant of Lexington, who has engaged to forward all I have occasion to send, regularly once a week : and should you, sir, think proper to use the same route for any of yours, if they are sent to his care, he will forward them to me. I have been led to prefer this channel of communication to that of the river, because it appears to be rather the more certain of the two, though it may be a little more tedious, and because desertion continues to prevail among the troops, and the sending of small parties to such a distance gives great opportunity to effect it. General Butler informs me that no less than twenty-one went off the night before the army moved from fort Hamilton.

I am this moment setting out for the army, which I hope to overtake to morrow evening, and will write to you again as soon as may be.

With great regard and respect,

I have the honour to be,

Sir, your very humble servant,

ARTHUR ST. CLAIR,

*To the hon. Major Gen. Knox,
Secretary of War.*

*Camp, 81 miles advanced of Fort Washington,
Nov. 1. 1791.*

SIR,

Since I had the honour to write to you on the 21st ult. nothing very material has happened, and indeed I am at present so unwell, and have been so for some time past, that I could ill detail it, if it had happened—not that *that* space of time has been entirely barren of incidents, but as few of them have been of the agreeable kind, I beg you to accept a sort of journal account of them, which will be the easiest for me.

On the 22d the indisposition that had hung about me for some time, sometimes appearing as a bilious

cholic, and sometimes as a rheumatic asthma, to my great satisfaction, changed to a gout in the left arm and hand, leaving the breast and stomach perfectly relieved, and the cough, which had been excessive, entirely gone. This day Mr. Ellis, with sixty militia from Kentucky, joined the army, and brought up a quantity of flour and beef.

23d. Two men taken in the act of deserting to the enemy, and one for shooting another soldier, and threatening to kill an officer, were hanged upon the grand parade, the whole army being drawn out. Since the army has halted, the country around this, and ahead for fifteen miles, has been well examined; it is a country, which had we arrived a month sooner in it, and with three times the number of animals, they would have been all fat now.

24th. Named the fort *Jefferson*, (it lies in lat. 40. 4' 22" N.) and marched, the same Indian path serving to conduct us about six miles, and encamped on good ground and an excellent position. A rivulet in front, and a very large prairie which would at the proper season afford forage for a thousand horses, on the left. So ill this day that I had much difficulty in keeping with the army.

25th. Very hard rains last night, obliged to halt to-day, on account of provisions; for though the soldiery may be kept pretty easy in camp under the expectations of provisions arriving, they cannot bear to march in advance and take none along with them. Received a letter from Mr. Hodgdon by express; 13000lbs, flour will arrive the 27th.

26th. A party of militia, sent to reconnoitre, fell in with five Indians, and suffered them to slip through their fingers in their camp; articles to the value of twenty-two dollars were found and divided. — The Virginia battalion is melting down very fast, notwithstanding the promises of the men to the officers; 13 have been discharged by col. Darke to day.

27th. Gave orders for enlisting the levies, with the condition of serving out their time in the present corps. Payomingo arrived in the camp with his warriors. I was so unwell, could only see him and

bid him welcome, but entered on no business—considerable dissatisfaction among the levies about their enlistments.

28th. Some clothing sent to fort Washington for the recruits, arrived, was begun to be distributed, and will have a good effect; but the enlisting the levies does not meet with the encouragement that might have been expected—it is not openly complained of by the officers, but it is certainly privately, by some of high rank, and the measure of tempting them with warm cloathing condemned. Mr. Hodgdon writes me that he is sending forward a quantity of woollen overalls and stocks, by General Butler's orders—I have ordered them to be deposited at fort Jefferson. Some few Indians about us, probably those the militia fell in with a day or two ago—two of the levies were fired upon about three miles off, one killed; two of the militia likewise, one of them got in and the other missing, supposed to be taken.

29th. Payomingo and his people, accompanied by capt Sparks and four good riflemen, gone on a scout, they do not propose to return under ten days, unless they sooner succeed in taking prisoners.

30th. The army moved about nine o'clock, and with much difficulty made seven miles, having left a considerable part of the tents by the way; the provision made by the quarter master was not adequate. Three days' flour issued to them—The Indian road still with us. The course this day N. 25. W.

31st. This morning about 60 of the militia deserted. It was at first reported, that one half of them had gone off, and that their design was to plunder the convoys which were upon the road—I detached the first regiment in pursuit of them, with orders to major Hamtramck to send a sufficient guard back with Benham (a commissary) whenever he met with him, and follow them about twenty-five miles below fort Jefferson, or until he met the second convoy, and then return and join the army. Benham arrived last night; and to-day, November 1st, the army is halted to give the road

cutters an opportunity of getting some distance ahead, and that I might write to you. I am this day considerably recovered, and hope that it will turn out, what I at first expected it would be, a friendly fit of the gout, come to relieve me from every other complaint.

Yesterday I was favoured with yours of the 28th and 29th of Sept. I have enclosed my communications with the old and new contractors, and their answers. My orders for the post to them are not definite; but they will be very soon. In the mean time, I expect they are both at work.

With great respect,

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant.

ARTHUR Sr. CLAIR.

P. S. Your letters for General Wilkinson, and General Scott, Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown, are sent back, and the public thanks in the name of the president, presented to Gen. Wilkinson agreeably to your directions.

To the hon. Major Gen. Knox.

Secretary of War.

Fort Washington, Nov. 9, 1791.

SIR,

Yesterday afternoon the remains of the army under my command got back to this place, and I have now the painful task to give you an account of as warm and unfortunate an action as almost any that has been fought, in which every corps was engaged and worsted, except the first regiment, that had been detached upon a service I had the honour to inform you of in my last despatch, and had not joined me.

On the 3d instant the army had reached a creek about twelve yards wide, running to the south-ward of west, which I believe to have been the river St. Mary. which empties itself into the Miami of the lake, at the Miami village, about four o'clock in the

afternoon, having marched near nine miles, and were immediately encamped upon a very commanding piece of ground, in two lines, having the above mentioned creek in front. The right wing composed of Butler's, Clark's and Patterson's battalions, commanded by Major General Butler, formed the first line, and the left wing consisting of Bedinger's and Gaither's battalions, and the second regiment commanded by lieut. col. Clarke, formed the second line, with an interval between them of about seventy yards, which was all the ground would allow. The right flank was pretty well secured by the creek, a steep bank, and Faulkner's corps; some of the cavalry and their piquets covered the left flank. The militia were thrown over the creek, and advanced about one quarter of a mile and encamped in the same order. There were a few Indians who appeared on the opposite side of the creek, but fled with the utmost precipitation on the advance of the militia. At this place which I judged to be about fifteen miles from the Miami village, I had determined to throw up a slight work, the plan of which was concerted that evening with Major Ferguson, wherein to have deposited the men's knapsacks, and every thing else that was not of absolute necessity, and to have moved on to attack the enemy as soon as the first regiment was come up; but they did not permit me to execute either, for on the fourth, about half an hour before sunrise, and when the men had been just dismissed from the parade (for it was a constant practice to have them all under arms a considerable time before day-light) an attack was made upon the militia—those gave way in a very little time, and rushed into camp through major Butler's battalion, which together with part of Clarke's threw them into considerable disorder; which notwithstanding the exertions of both, and those officers, was never altogether remedied, the Indians following close at their heels. The fire however of the first line checked them, but almost instantly a very heavy attack began upon that line, and in a few minutes it was extended to the second

likewise; the great weight of it was directed against the centre of each, where the artillery was placed, and from which the men were repeatedly driven with great slaughter. Finding no great effect from our fire, and confusion beginning to spread, from the great number of men who were falling in all quarters, it became necessary to try what could be done by the bayonet. Lieutenant colonel Darke was accordingly ordered to make a charge with part of the second line, and to turn the left flank of the enemy—this was executed with great spirit—the Indians instantly gave way, and were driven back three or four hundred yards; but for want of a sufficient number of riflemen to pursue this advantage, they soon returned, and the troops were obliged to give back in their turn. At this moment they had entered our camp by the left flank, having pushed back the troops that were posted there. Another charge was made here by the second regiment, Butler's and Clark's battalions, with equal effect and it was repeated several times, and always with success; in all of them many men were lost, and particularly the officers, which, with so raw troops, was a loss altogether irremediable. In that just spoke of, made by the second regiment, and Butler's battalion, major Butler was dangerously wounded, and every officer of the second regiment fell, except three, one of whom Mr. Creaton was shot through the body. Our artillery being now silenced, and all the officers killed except Captain Ford, who was very badly wounded, and more than half of the army fallen, being cut off from the road, it became necessary to attempt the regaining it, and to make a retreat if possible—to this purpose the remains of the army were formed as well as circumstances would admit, towards the right of the encampment, from which by the way of the second line, another charge was made upon the enemy, as if with the design to turn their right flank, but in fact to gain the road. This was effected, and as soon as it was open the militia took along it, followed by the troops, major Clarke with his battalion

covering the rear. The retreat in these circumstances was you may be sure a very precipitate one—it was in fact a flight—The camp and the artillery were abandoned; but that was unavoidable, for not an horse was left alive to have drawn it off, had it otherwise been practicable. But the most disgraceful part of the business is, that the greatest part of the men threw away their arms and accoutrements, even after the pursuit (which continued about four miles) had ceased. I found the road strewn with them for many miles, but was not able to remedy it; for having had all my horses killed, and being mounted upon one that could not be pricked out of a walk, I could not get forward myself; and the orders I sent forward, either to halt the front, or to prevent the men from parting with their arms, were unattended to.

The route continued quite to fort Jefferson, 29 miles, which was reached at a little after sun-setting.

The action began about half an hour before sunrise, and the retreat was attempted half an hour after nine o'clock.

I have not yet been able to get returns of the killed and wounded; but major general Butler, lieut. col. Oldham of the militia, majors Ferguson, Heart, and Clarke, are among the former. Col. Sargent my adjutant general, lieut. col. Darke, lieut. col. Gibson, major Butler and the viscount Malartie, who served me as an aid-de-camp, are among the latter, and a great number of captains and subalterns in both.

I have now, sir, finished my melancholy tale—a tale that will be felt sensibly by every one that has sympathy for private distress, or for public misfortune.

I have nothing, sir, to lay to the charge of the troops, but their want of discipline which from the short time they had been in service it was impossible they should have acquired, and which rendered it very difficult, when they were thrown into confusion, to reduce them again to order, and is one rea-

son why the loss has fallen so heavily upon the officers who did every thing in their power to effect it; neither were my own exertions wanting, but worn down with illness, and suffering under a painful disease, unable either to mount or dismount a horse without assistance, they were not so great as they otherwise would, and perhaps ought to have been.—We were overpowered by numbers; but it is no more than justice to observe, that though composed of so many different species of troops, the utmost harmony prevailed through the whole army during the campaign.

At fort Jefferson, I found the first regiment, which had returned from the service they had been sent upon, without either overtaking the deserters or meeting the convoys of provision. I am not certain, sir, whether I ought to consider the absence of this regiment from the field of action as fortunate or otherwise—I incline to think it was fortunate; for I very much doubt whether, had it been in the action, the fortune of the day had been turned: and if it had not, the triumph of the enemy would have been more complete, and the country would have been destitute of every means of defence.

Taking a view of the situation of our broken troops at fort Jefferson, and that there was no provisions in the fort, I called upon the field officers, viz. lieut. col. Darke, major Hamtramck, major Zeigler, and major Gaither, together with the adjutant general, for their advice, what would be proper further to be done, and it was their unanimous opinion, that the addition of the first regiment, unbroken as it was, did not put the army on as respectable a footing as it was in the morning, because a great part of it was now unarmed—That it had been then found unequal to the enemy; and should they come on, which was probable, would be found so again—that the troops could not be thrown into the fort, both because it was so small, and that there were no provisions in it—That provisions were known to be upon the road, at the distance of one or at most two marches—That therefore it would be

proper to move, without loss of time, to meet the provisions, when the men might have the sooner an opportunity of some refreshment, and that a proper detachment might be sent back with it to have it safely deposited in the fort. This advice was accepted, and the army put in motion again at ten o'clock, and marched all night, and the succeeding day met with a quantity of flour—part of it was distributed immediately—part taken back to supply the army on the march to fort Hamilton, and the remainder (about fifty horse loads) sent forward to fort Jefferson—the next day a drove of cattle was met with for the same place, and I have information that both got in: The wounded who had been left at that place, were ordered to be brought here by the return horses.

I have said, sir, in a former part of this letter, that we were overpowered by numbers: of that, however, I have no other evidence than the weight of the fire, which was always a most deadly one, and generally delivered from the ground, few of the enemy shewing themselves on foot, except when they were charged; and that in a few minutes our whole camp, which extended above three hundred and fifty yards in length, was entirely surrounded, and attacked on all quarters.

The loss, sir, the public has sustained by the fall of so many brave officers, particularly general Butler and major Ferguson, cannot be too much regretted; but it is a circumstance that will alleviate the misfortune in some measure, that all of them fell most gallantly doing their duty. I have had very particular obligations to many of them, as well as to the survivors, but to none more than to col. Sargent—He has discharged the various duties of his office with zeal, with exactness, and with intelligence, and on all occasions afforded me every assistance in his power; which I have also experienced from my aid-de-camp, lieut. Denny, and the viscount Malar-tie, who served with me in that station, as a volunteer,

With every sentiment of respect and regard,

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant.

ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

To the hon. Major Gen. Knox,
Secretary of War.

P. S. Some orders that had been given to col. Oldham over night, and which were of much consequence, were not executed; and some very material intelligence was communicated by capt. Slough to general Butler, in the course of the night before the action, which was never imparted to me, nor did I hear of it until after my arrival here.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 23.

Last Wednesday evening lieutenant Denny, aid-de-camp to major general St. Clair, arrived with despatches for the secretary of war, dated fort Washington, the 17th November.

The garrison at fort Jefferson was intended to be continued, and was not conceived to be in any danger: it was well supplied with provisions, provided with artillery, and commanded by captain Shaler of the 2d regiment. Most of the wounded had arrived at fort Washington from fort Jefferson.

Piomingo, the Chickasaw chief, had returned safe with his warriors, and Captain Sparks, of Clarke's battalion, bringing with them five scalps.

The Kentucky militia, under generals Scott and Wilkinson, all mounted and furnished with twenty days' provision, would probably arrive at fort Washington about the 20th of November.

It was expected that the dispersed situation of the Indians would afford a good opportunity for the militia to make an important stroke yet this winter.

The brave major Clarke (who covered the retreat with some soldiers) supposed to be killed, had arrived safe at fort Washington.

The levies were generally discharged, excepting those who had enlisted into the regular service.

Authentic list of the killed and wounded in the army of the United States, commanded by major general St. Clair, November 4th, 1791. From the returns of the adjutant general.
Major gen. Butler, killed.

Colonel Sargent, (adjutant general) and the viscount Maitie, acting as aid-de-camp, wounded.

Artillery. Killed—Major Ferguson, capt. Bradford, lieut. Spear.

Wounded—Capt. Ford.

Cavalry. Wounded—Capt. Trueman, lieut. de Butts, Cornet Rhines.

1st. United States Regiment. Wounded—Capt. Doyle.

2d. United States Regiment. Killed—Major Heart, captains Kirkwood, Phelon and Newman, lieut. Warren, ensigns Balch and Cobb.

Wounded—Lieut. Greateon.

1st. Regiment of Levies. *Killed*—Captains Van Swearingen, Tipton and Price; Lieutenants M'Math and Boyd; ensigns Wilson, Reeves, Brooks, Chace and Turner; adjutant Burges; Dr. Grasson.

Wounded—Lieutenant colonel Darke; captains Darke and Buchannen; lieutenants Morgan, Lyle, M'Rhea, Davidson and Price; adjutant Whistler.

2d Regiment of Levies. *Killed*—Captains Cribbs, Piatt, Smith and Purdy; lieuts. Kelso and Lukins; ensigns M'Michael, Beattie and Purdy; adjutant Anderson.

Wounded—Lieutenant colonel Gibson; major Butler; captain Slough; lieutenants Thompson, Cummings and Reed; ensign Morehead; adjutant Crawford.

Kentucky Militia. *Killed*—Lieutenant colonel Oldham; captain Leman; lieut. Briggs; ensign Montgomery.

Wounded—Captains Thomas and Madison; lieuts. Owens Stagner, ensign Walter, doctor Gance.

Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates.

Killed and missing 593

Wounded 214

N. B. Of the first United States Regiment a small detachment only was in the action, the regiment being on command.

CHAPTER IV.

Captivity, Murder of my Children, Escape, &c.

Vicissitude is the characteristic feature of the present life. All are the subjects in a greater or less degree, of the trials and the changes of life; but, although it is certain that there is a general allotment of trials in the present world, so that "every heart knoweth its own bitterness;" yet it is but too evident, that there are some of the human family, who are called to pass through those, which are infinitely more severe than others. Some seem to pass over the season of life, without encountering those awfully agitating billows, which threaten their immediate destruction, while to others, the passage to the tomb, is fraught with awful tempests, and overwhelming billows. Happy will it be for those, who after having sailed over the boisterous ocean of time,

shall eventually be wafted, by a divine breeze, into the haven of eternal repose. That those trials which were of a particular nature, and of an almost overwhelming magnitude, were endured by me, will appear by a recital of those sober facts,* (facts which are too notorious to be denied, and too peculiar to be counterfeited,) to which the attention of the reader is now invited.

On the return of my husband from General St. Clair's defeat, mentioned in a preceding chapter, and on his recovery from the wound he received in the battle, he was made a spy, and ordered to the woods on duty, about the 22d of March, 1792. The appointment of spies, to watch the movements of the Savages, was so consonant with the desires, and interests of the inhabitants, that the frontiers now resumed the appearance of quiet and confidence. Those who had for nearly a year been huddled together in the block-house, were scattered to their own habitations, and began the cultivation of their farms. The spies saw nothing to alarm them, or to induce them to apprehend danger, till the fatal morning of my captivity. They repeatedly came to our house, to receive refreshment, and to lodge. On the 15th of May, my husband, with Capt. Guthry and other spies, came home about dark, and wanted supper, to procure which, I requested one of the spies to accompany me to the spring, and spring-house, and William Maxwell complied with my request. While he was at the spring, and spring house, we both distinctly heard a sound, like the bleating of a lamb or fawn. This greatly alarmed us and induced us to make a hasty retreat into the house. Whether this was an Indian decoy, or a warning of what I was to pass through, I am unable to determine. But from this time, and circumstance, I

*To the principal facts related in this chapter I was called on by the public to make oath immediately after their occurrence, for the good of the country, an account of which may be found in most Newspapers of the day, and in London's selection of the most interesting Narratives of outrages committed by the Indians, &c. Carlisle, 1808.

became considerably alarmed, and entreated my husband to remove me to some more secure place from Indian cruelties. But Providence had designed that I should become a victim to their rage, and that mercy should be made manifest in my deliverance.

On the night of the 21st of May, two of the spies, Mr. James Davis and Mr. Sutton came to lodge at our house, and on the morning of the 22d at day break, when the horn blew at the block-house, which was within sight of our house, and distant about two hundred yards, the two men got up and went out; I was, also, awake, and saw the door open, and thought when I was taken prisoner that the scouts had left it open. I intended to rise immediately, but having a child at the breast, and it being awakened, I lay with it at the breast to get it to sleep again, and accidentally fell asleep myself.

The spies have since informed me, that they returned to the house again, and found that I was sleeping; that they softly fastened the door, and went immediately to the block-house, and those who examined the house after the scene was over, say that both doors had the appearance of being broken open.

The first thing I knew from falling asleep, was the Indians pulling me out of the bed by my feet. I then looked up and saw the house full of Indians, every one having his gun in his left hand, and tomahawk in his right. Beholding the dangerous situation in which I was; I immediately jumped to the floor on my feet, with the young child in my arms. I then took a petticoat to put on, having only the one on in which I slept, but the Indians took it from me, and as many as I attempted to put on, they succeeded in taking from me, so that I had to go just as I had been in bed. While I was struggling with some of the savages for cloathing, others of them went and took the two oldest children out of another bed, and immediately took the two featherbeds to the door and emptied them. The savages immediately began their work of plunder and devast-

tation. What they were unable to carry with them, they destroyed. While they were at their work, I made to the door and succeeded in getting out with one child in my arms, and another by my side; but the other little boy was so much displeased by being so early disturbed in the morning, that he would not come to the door.

When I got out I saw Mr. Wolf, one of the soldiers, going to the spring for water, and beheld two or three of the savages, attempting to get between him and the block-house, but Mr. Wolf was unconscious of his danger, for the savages had not yet been discovered. I then gave a terrific scream, by which means Mr. Wolf discovered his danger, and started to run for the block-house; seven or eight of the Indians fired at him, but the only injury he received was a bullet in his arm, which broke it, he succeeded in making his escape to the block-house. When I gave the alarm, one of the Indians came up to me with his tomahawk as though about to take my life, a second came and placed his hand before my mouth and told me to hush; when a third came with a lifted tomahawk and attempted to give me a blow; but the first that came raised his tomahawk and averted the blow, and claimed me as his squaw.

The Commissary with his waiter, slept in the store house, near the block-house. And upon hearing the report of the guns, came to the door to see what was the matter, and beholding the danger he was in, made his escape to the block-house, but not without being discovered by the Indians, several of whom fired at him, and one of the bullets went through his handkerchief which was tied about his head, and took off some of his hair. The handkerchief with several bullet holes in it he afterwards gave to me.

The waiter on coming to the door, was met by the Indians, who fired upon him, and he received two bullets through his body, and fell dead by the door. The savages then set up one of their tremendous and terrifying yells, and pushed forward and attempted to scalp the man they had killed; but they were prevented from executing their diabolic pur-

pose, by the heavy fire which was kept up through the port holes from the block house.

In this scene of horror and alarm, I began to meditate an escape, and for this purpose attempted to direct the attention of the Indians from me, and to fix it on the block-house, and thought if I could succeed in this, I would retreat to a subterranean rock with which I was acquainted, which was in the run near where we were. For this purpose I began to converse with some of those who were near me, and they began to question me respecting the strength of the block-house, the number of men in it, &c. and being informed that there were forty men there, and that they were excellent marksmen, they immediately came to the determination to retreat, and for this purpose they ran to those who were besieging the block-house and brought them away. They then began to flog me with their wiping sticks, and to order me along. Thus what I intended as the means of my escape, was the means of accelerating my departure in the hands of the savages. But it was no doubt so ordered by a kind Providence, for the preservation of the fort and the inhabitants in it; for when the Savages gave up their attack and retreated, some of the men in the house, had the last load of ammunition in their guns, and there was no possibility of procuring more, for it was all fastened up in the store house, which was inaccessible.

The Indians when they had flogged me away along with them, took my oldest boy, a lad about five years of age along with them, for he was still at the door by my side. My middle little boy who was about three years of age had by this time obtained a situation by the fire in the house, and was crying bitterly to me not to go, and making little complaints of the depredations of the savages.

But these monsters were not willing to let the child remain behind them; they took him by the hand to drag him along with them, but he was so very unwilling to go, and made such a noise by crying, that they took him up by the feet, and dashed his brains

out against the threshold of the door. They then scalped and stabbed him, and left him for dead. When I witnessed this inhuman butchery of my own child, I gave a most indescribable and terrific scream, and felt a dimness come over my eyes, next to blindness, and my senses were nearly gone. The savages then gave me a blow across my head and face, and brought me to my sight and recollection again. During the whole of this agonizing scene, I kept my infant in my arms.

As soon as their murder was effected, they marched me along to the top of the bank, about forty or sixty rods, and there they stopped and divided the plunder which they had taken from our house, and here I counted their number, and found them to be thirty two, two of whom were white men painted as the Indians.

Several of the Indians could speak English well. I knew several of them very well, having seen them go up and down the Allegheny river. I knew two of them to be from the Seneca tribe of Indians, and two of them to be Munsees; for they had called at the shop to get their guns repaired, and I saw them there.

We went from this place about forty rods, and they then caught my uncle John Currie's horses, and two of them into whose custody I was put, started with me on the horses towards the mouth of the Kiskiminetas, and the rest of them went off towards Puckety. When they came to the bank that descended towards the Allegheny, the bank was so very steep, and there appeared so much danger in descending it on horse back, that I threw myself off the horse in opposition to the will and command of the savages.

My horse descended without falling, but the one on which the Indian rode who had my little boy, in descending, fell, and rolled over repeatedly; and my little boy fell back over the horse, but was not materially injured; he was taken up by one of the Indians, and we got to the bank of the river, where they had secreted some bark canoes under the rocks,

opposite to the island that lies between the Kiskiminetas and Buffalo. They attempted in vain, to make the horses take the river. After trying for some time to effect this, they left the horses behind them and took us in one of the canoes, to the point of the island, and there they left the canoe.

Here I beheld another hard scene, for as soon as we landed, my little boy who was still mourning and lamenting about his little brother, and who complained that he was injured by the fall, in descending the bank, *was murdered*.

One of the Indians ordered me along, probably, that I should not see the horrid deed about to be perpetrated. The other, then, took his tomahawk from his side, and with this instrument of death, *killed and scalped him*. When I beheld this second scene of inhuman butchery, I fell to the ground senseless, with my infant in my arms, and it being under, and its little hands in the hair of my head. How long I remained in this state of insensibility, I know not.

The first thing I remember was my raising my head from the ground, and my feeling myself exceedingly overcome with sleep. I cast my eyes around and saw the scalp of my dear little boy, fresh bleeding from his head, in the hand of one of the savages, and sunk down to the earth again, upon my infant child. The first thing I remember after witnessing this spectacle of woe, was, the severe blows I was receiving from the hands of the savages, though at that time I was unconscious of the injury I was sustaining. After a severe castigation, they assisted me in getting up, and supported me when up.

Here I cannot help contemplating the peculiar interposition of Divine Providence on my behalf. How easily might they have murdered me ! What a wonder their cruelty did not lead them to effect it ! But instead of this, the scalp of my boy was hid from my view, and in order to bring me to my senses again, they took me back to the river, and led me in knee deep; this had its intended effect. But "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

We now proceeded on our journey, by crossing the island, and coming to a shallow place where we could wade out, and so arrive to the Indian side of the country. Here they pushed me in the river before them, and had to conduct me through it. The water was up to my breast, but I suspended my child above the water, and through the assistance of the savages got safely out.

From thence we rapidly proceeded forward, and came to big Buffaloe; here the stream was very rapid and the Indians had again to assist me. When we had crossed this creek, we made a straight course to the Conequenessing creek, the very place where Butler now stands; and from thence we travelled on five or six miles to little Buffaloe, and crossed it at the very place where Mr. B. Sarver's mill now stands, and ascended the hill.

I now felt weary of my life, and had a full determination to make the savages kill me, thinking that death would be exceedingly welcome, when compared with the fatigue, cruelties and miseries I had the prospect of enduring. To have my purpose effected, I stood still, one of the savages being before me, and the other walking on behind me, and I took from off my shoulder a large powder horn they made me carry, in addition to my child, who was one year and four days old. I threw the horn on the ground, closed my eyes, *and expected every moment to feel the deadly tomahawk.* But to my surprise, the Indians took it up, cursed me bitterly, and put it on my shoulder again. I took it off the second time, and threw it to the ground; and again closed my eyes, with the assurance, that I should meet death; but, instead of this, the savages again took up the horn, and with an indignant frightful countenance, came and placed it on again. I took it off the third time, and was determined to effect it then, and therefore threw it, as far as I was able from me, over the rocks. The savage immediately went after it, while the other who had claimed me as his squaw, and who stood and witnessed the transaction, came up to me, and said 'well done, I did right and

was a good squaw, and that the other was a lazy son of a b—h; he might carry it himself." I cannot now, sufficiently admire the indulgent care of a gracious God, that, at this moment preserved me amidst so many temptations, from the tomahawk and scalping knife.

The savages now changed their position, and the one who claimed me as his squaw, went behind. This movement, I believe, was to prevent the other from doing me any injury; and we went on till we struck the Conequenessing, at the Salt-Lick, about two miles above Butler, where was an Indian camp, where we arrived a little before dark, having no refreshment during the day.

The camp was made of stakes driven in the ground sloping, and covered with chesnut bark; and appeared sufficiently long for fifty men. The camp appeared to have been occupied some time; it was very much beaten, and large beaten paths went out from it in different directions.

That night they took me about three hundred yards from the camp, up a run, into a large dark bottom, where they cut the brush in a thicket, and placed a blanket on the ground, and permitted me to sit down with my child. They then pinioned my arms back, and left my hands, only, with a little liberty, so that it was with difficulty that I managed my child. Here in this dreary situation, without fire or refreshment, having an infant to take care of, and my arms bound behind me, and having a savage on each side of me, who had killed two of my dear children that day, I had to pass the first night of my captivity.

Ye mothers, who have never lost a child by an inhuman savage, or endured the almost indescribable misery here related, may nevertheless think a little, (though it be but little) what I endured; and hence now you are enjoying the sweet repose, and the comforts of a peaceful and well replenished habitation, sympathize with me a little, as one, who was a pioneer in the work of cultivation and civilization

But the trials and dangers of the day I had passed, had so completely exhausted nature, that notwithstanding my unpleasant situation, and *my determination to escape if possible*, I insensibly fell, asleep and repeatedly dreamed of my escape, and safe arrival in Pittsburgh, and several things relating to the town, of which I knew nothing at the time; but found to be true when I arrived there. The first night passed away, and I found no means of escape, for the savages kept watch the whole of the night, without any sleep.

In the morning one of them left us, to watch the trail or path, we had come, to see if any white people were pursuing us. During the absence of the Indian, who was the one that claimed me, the savage who remained with me, and who was the murderer of my last boy, took from his bosom his scalp, and prepared a hoop, and stretched the scalp on it. Those mothers who have not seen the like done by one of the scalps of their own children, (and few, if any, ever had so much misery to endure,) will be able to form but feint ideas of the feelings which then harrowed up my soul!! I meditated revenge! While he was in the very act, I attempted to take his tomahawk, which hung by his side and rested on the ground, and had nearly succeeded, and was, as I thought about to give the fatal blow; when alas! I was detected.

The savage felt me at his tomahawk handle, turned around upon me, cursed me, and told me I was a *yankee*; thus intimating he understood my intention, and to prevent me from doing so again, faced me. My excuse to him, for handling his tomahawk was, that my child wanted to play with the handle of it. Here again I wondered at my merciful preservation, for the looks of the Indian were terrific in the extreme; and these, I apprehend, were only an index to his heart. But God was my preserver!

The savage, who went upon the look-out in the morning, came back about 12 o'clock, and had discovered no pursuers. Then the one who had been guarding me, went out on the same errand. The

savage who was now my guard, began to examine me about the white people; the strength of the armies going against them, &c. and boasted large of their achievements in the preceding fall, at the defeat of General St. Clair.

He then examined into the plunder which he had brought away from our house the day before. He found my pocket book and money in his plunder. There were ten dollars in silver, and half a guinea in gold in the book. During this day they gave me a piece of dry venison, about the bulk of an egg, and a piece about the same size, the day we were marching, for my support and that of my child; but owing to the blows I had received from them in my jaws, I was unable to eat a bit of it. I broke it up, and gave it to the child.

The savage, out on the look-out, returned about dark. This evening, (Monday the 23d,) they moved me to another station in the same valley, and secured me as they did the preceding night. Thus I found myself the second night between two Indians, without fire or refreshment. During this night I was frequently asleep, notwithstanding my unpleasant situation, and as often dreamed of my arrival in Pittsburgh.

Early on the morning of the 24th a flock of Mocking birds and Robins hovered over us, as we lay in our uncomfortable bed; and sung and said, at least to my imagination, that I was to get up and go off. As soon as the day broke, one of the Indians went off again to watch the trail, as on the preceding day, and he who was left to take care of me, appeared to be sleeping. When I perceived this, I lay still and began to snore, as though asleep; and he fell asleep.

Then I concluded it was time to escape. I found it impossible to injure him for my child at the breast, so I could not effect any thing without putting the child down, and then it would cry, and give the alarm; so I contented myself with taking from a pillow case of plunder, taken from our house, a short gown, handkerchief and a child's frock, and so

made my escape; the sun then being about half an hour high.

I took a direction from home, at first being guided by the birds before mentioned, and in order to deceive the Indians; then took over the hill, and struck the Conequenessing creek, about two miles where I crossed it with the Indians, and went down the stream till about two o'clock in the afternoon, over rocks, precipices, thorns, briars, &c. with my bare feet and legs. I then discovered by the sun, and the running of the stream, that I was on the wrong course, and going from, instead of coming nearer home. I then changed my course, ascended a hill, and sat down to rest till the sun set, and the evening star made its appearance, when I discovered the way I should travel; and having marked out the direction I intended to take the next morning, I collected some leaves, made up a bed, and laid myself down and slept, though my feet being full of thorns, began to be extremely painful, and I had nothing still to eat for myself or child.

The next morning, (Friday 25th of May) about the breaking of the day, I was aroused from my slumbers, by the flock of birds before mentioned, which still continued with me, and having them to guide me through the wilderness. As soon as it was sufficiently light for me to find my way, I started for the fourth day's trial, of hunger and fatigue.

There was nothing very material occurred on this day while I was travelling, and I made the best of my way, according to my knowledge, toward the Allegheny river. In the evening about the going down of the sun, a moderate rain came on, and I began to prepare for bed, by collecting some leaves together, as I had done the night before; but could not collect a sufficient quantity, without setting my little boy on the ground; but as soon as I put him out of my arms, he began to cry. Fearful of the consequence of his noise in this situation, I took him in my arms, and put him to the breast immediately, and he became quiet. I then stood and listened, and *distinctly heard the footsteps of a man, coming*

after me, in the same direction which I had come! The ground over which I had been travelling was good, and the mould was light; I had therefore left my foot-marks, and thus exposed myself to a *second captivity*! Alarmed at my perilous situation, I looked around for a place of safety, and *providentially* discovered a large tree which had fallen; into the tops of which I crept, with my child in my arms, and there I hid myself securely under the limbs. The darkness of the night greatly assisted me, and prevented me from detection.

The footsteps I heard were those of a savage. He heard the cry of the child, and came to the very spot where the child cried, and there he halted, put down his gun, and was at this time so near, that I heard the wiping stick strike against his gun distinctly.

My getting in under the tree, and sheltering myself from the rain, and pressing my boy to my bosom, got him warm, and most providentially he fell asleep, and lay very still during the time of my danger at that time. All was still and quiet, the savage was listening, if by possibility he might again hear the cry he had heard before. My own heart was the only thing I feared, and that beat so loud, that I was apprehensive it would betray me. It is almost impossible to conceive, or to believe, the wonderful effect my situation produced upon my whole system.

After the savage had stood and listened with nearly the stillness of death, for two hours, the sound of a bell, and a cry like that of a night owl, signals which were given to him from his savage companions, induced him to answer, and after he had given a most horrid yell, which was calculated to harrow up my soul, he started and went off to join them.

After the retreat of the savage to his companions, I concluded it unsafe to remain in my concealed situation till morning, lest they should conclude upon a second search, and being favoured with the light of day, find me; and either tomahawk or scalp me,

or otherwise bear me back to my captivity again, which was worse than death !

But by this time nature was nearly exhausted; and I found some difficulty in moving from my situation that night; yet, compelled by *necessity*, and by a love of self preservation, I threw my coat about my child, and placed the end of it between my teeth, and with one arm and my teeth I carried the child, and with the other arm, I groped my way between the trees, and travelled on, as I supposed a mile or two, and there sat down at the root of a tree till the morning. The night was cold and wet ; and thus terminated the four days' and nights' difficulties, trials, hunger and danger !

The fifth day, Saturday 26th of May, wet and exhausted, hungry and wretched, I started from my resting place in the morning, as soon as I could see my way, and on that morning struck the head waters of Pine Creek, which falls into the Allegheny about four miles above Pittsburgh; though I knew not then what waters they were, but I crossed them, and on the opposite bank I found a path, and discovered in it two mockasin tracks, fresh indented, and the men who had made them were before me, and travelling on the same direction that I was travelling. This alarmed me; but as they were before me, and traveling in the same direction as I was, I concluded I could see them as soon as they could see me, and therefore I pressed on in that path for about three miles, when I came to the forks where another branch empties into it, and where was a hunter's camp, where the two men, whose tracks I had before discovered and followed, had been, and kindled a fire and breakfasted, and had left the fire burning.

I here became more alarmed, and came to a determination to leave the path. I then ascended a hill; and crossed a ridge towards Squaw run, and came upon a trail or path. Here I stopped and meditated what to do; and while I was thus musing, I saw three deers coming towards me in full speed; they turned around to look at their pursuers; I looked too with all attention, and saw the flash of a gun,

and then heard the report as soon as the gun was fired. I saw some dogs start after them, and began to look about for a shelter, and immediately made for a large log and hid myself behind it; but most providentially, I did not go clear to the log; had I done so, I might have lost my life by the bites of Rattle Snakes; for as I put my hand to the ground, to raise myself to see what was become of the hunters, and who they were, I saw a large heap of Rattle Snakes, and the top one was very large and coiled up very near my face, and quite ready to bite me. This compelled me to leave this situation, let the consequences be what they may.

In consequence of this occurrence, I again left my course, bearing to the left, and came upon the head waters of Squaw Run, and kept down the run the remainder of that day.

During this day it rained, and I was in a very deplorable situation; so cold, and shivering were my limbs, that frequently in opposition to all my struggles, I gave an involuntary groan. I suffered intensely this day, from hunger, though my jaws were so far recovered from the injury they sustained from the blows of the Indians, that wherever I could, I procured some grape vines, and chewed them for a little sustenance. In the evening I came within one mile of the Allegheny River, though I was ignorant of it at the time; and there at the root of a tree, through a most tremendous night's rain, I took up my fifth night's lodgings, and in order to shelter my infant from the storm, as much as possible, I placed him in my lap, and placed my head against the tree, and thus let the rain fall upon me.

On the sixth (that was Sabbath) morning from my captivity, I found myself unable for a very considerable time, to raise myself from the ground; and when I had once more by hard struggling got myself upon my feet, and started upon the sixth day's encounter, *nature was so nearly exhausted, and my spirits were so completely depressed*, that my progress was amazingly slow and discouraging.

In this almost helpless condition, I had not gone far, before I came to a path where there had been cattle travelling. I took the path under the impression that it would lead me to the abode of some white people, and by travelling it about one mile, I came to an uninhabited cabin! and though I was in a river bottom, yet I knew not where I was, nor yet on what river bank I had come. Here I was seized with the feelings of despair, and under those feelings I went to the uninhabited cabin, and concluded that I would *enter and lie down and die*; as death would have been to me an *angel of mercy* in such a *situation*, and would have removed me from all my misery!

Such were my feelings at this distressing moment, and had it not been for the recollection of those sufferings which my *infant* would endure, who would survive for some time after I was dead, I should have carried my determination into execution. Here too, I heard the sound of a cow bell, which imparted a *gleam of hope to my desponding mind!* I followed the sound of the bell, till I came opposite to the fort at the point of the six mile island.

When I came there, I saw three men on the opposite bank of the river. My feelings at the sight of these were better felt than they can be described. I called to the men, but they seemed unwilling to risque the danger of coming after me, and requested to know who I was. I replied, that I was one who had been taken prisoner by the Indians on the Allegheny river on last Tuesday morning, and had made my escape from them. They requested me to walk up the bank of the river for a while, that they may see if the Indians were making a decoy of me, or not; but I replied to them that my feet were so sore that I could not walk.

Then one of them, *James Closier*, got into a canoe to fetch me over, and the other two stood on the bank, with their rifles cocked, ready to fire on the Indians, provided they were using me as a decoy. when Mr. Closier came near to the shore, and saw my haggard and dejected situation, he exclaimed,

“who in the name of God are you?” This man was one of my nearest neighbours before I was taken, yet in six days, I was so much altered that he did not know me, either by my voice, or my countenance.

When I landed on the inhabited side of the river, the people from the fort came running out to the boat to see me; they took the child from me, and now I felt safe from danger, I found myself unable to move, or to assist myself in any degree. Whereupon the people took me, and carried me out of the boat to the house of Mr. Cortus.

Here, when I felt I was secure from the ravages and cruelties of the barbarians, for the first time since my captivity, my feelings returned with all their poignancy! When I was dragged from my bed, and from my home, a prisoner with the Savages; when the inhuman butchers dashed the brains of one of my dear children out on the door sill, and afterwards scalped him before my eyes; when they took and tomahawked, scalped, and stabbed another of them before me, on the island;—and when, with still more barbarous feelings, they afterwards made a hoop and stretched his scalp on it;—nor yet, when I endured hunger, cold, and nearly nakedness, and at the same time my infant sucking my very blood to support it, I never wept!!! No! it was too, too much for nature! A tear then would have been too great a luxury! And it is more than probable, that tears at these seasons of distress, would have been fatal in their consequences; for savages despise a tear! But now that my danger was removed, and I was delivered from the pangs of the barbarians, the tears flowed freely, and imparted a happiness, beyond what ever I experienced before, or ever expect to experience in this world!

When I was taken into the house, having been so long from fire, and having endured so much from hunger, for a long period; the heat of the fire, and the smell of the victuals, which the kindness of the people immediately induced them to provide for me,

caused me to faint. Some of the people attempted to restore me, and some of them put some clothes upon me. But the kindness of these friends, would in all probability have killed me, had it not been for the providential arrival, from down the river, of Major McCulley, who then commanded the line along the river. When he came in and saw my situation, and the provisions they were making for me, he became greatly alarmed, and immediately ordered me out of the house, from the heat and smell;—prohibited my taking any thing but the whey of butter-milk, and that in very small quantities, which he administered with his own hands. Through this judicious management, of my almost last situation, I was mercifully restored again to my senses, and very gradually to my health and strength.

Two of the females, Sarah Carter and Mary Anne Crozier, then began to take out the thorns from my feet, and legs; and Mr. Felix Nigley, who now lives at the mouth of Bull Creek, twenty miles above Pittsburgh, stood by and counted the thorns, as the women took them out; and there were one hundred and fifty drawn out; though they were not all extracted at that time, for the next evening, at Pittsburgh, there were many more taken out. The flesh was mangled dreadfully, and the skin and flesh were hanging in pieces, on my feet and legs. The wounds were not healed for a considerable time. Some of the thorns went through my feet, and came out on the top. For two weeks I was unable to put my feet to the ground to walk.

Besides which, the rain to which I was exposed by night, and the heat of the sun to which my almost naked body was exposed by day, together, with my carrying my child so long in my arms without any relief, and without any shelter, from the heat of the day, or the storms of the night, caused nearly all the skin of my body to come off, so that my body was raw nearly all over.

The two men's tracks which I had followed down the run, referred to before, and which made me so

much afraid, were two spies, James Amberson and John Thompson, who arrived at the station very soon after me.

The news of my arrival at the station, spread with great rapidity. The two spies took the intelligence that evening, as far as Coe's station, and the next morning to Reed's station, to my husband. It also reached Pittsburgh that same evening. And the next morning, a young man who was employed by the Magistrates of Pittsburgh, came for me, to go immediately to town, to give in my deposition, that it might be published to the American people. Being unable to walk, or ride on horse back, some of the men took me, and carried me into a canoe on the river, and took me down in this manner; and when I arrived in Pittsburgh, I was taken from the canoe, in the arms of the men, to the office of John Wilkins, Esquire, the father of the Hon. Wm. Wilkins, Judge of the United States Court. The deposition which I then gave in, was published through the Union, in the different Newspapers of the day, and has since been preserved, and may be read in London's Narratives of outrages by the Indians, Vol. 1. p. 85.

As the intelligence spread, the town of Pittsburgh, and the country for twenty miles round, was all in a state of commotion. About sunset the same evening my husband came to see me in Pittsburgh, and I was taken back to Coe's station on Tuesday morning. In the evening I gave the account of the murder of my boy on the island. The next morning (Wednesday) there was a scout went out and found it by my direction, and buried it, after being murdered nine days.

CHAPTER V.

Containing an account of the effect of my deposition and intelligence; the ravages of the Indians during my absence, &c.

IN the revolution of human affairs, it not unfrequently happens, that circumstances which are small in themselves, are over-ruled by the *Moral Governour* of the *Universe*, so as in no small degree, to contribute in the accomplishment of very important events. The circumstances of the Western Country at this period of its history, *required* much *individual* suffering, before general blessings could abound. It is no small alleviation of our individual sufferings, if we are enabled to see, that they in any measure, contributed to a general good.

In reflecting upon the events which contributed to the final liberation of this country, from the deadly rifle, the tomahawk, and the scalping-knife of the Indians, I have the felicity of believing, that the sufferings which were recited in the preceding chapter, had some small share in bringing about a successful issue; as they tended to give fresh impulse to those who were already engaged in the conflict, and to engage others in it.

On the Tuesday after my arrival at Coe's station, I was taken before the officers and spies, who were stationed on the frontiers, and very strictly examined, respecting the number and designs of the savages; the situations of their camps, and their prospects and anticipations, as far as I had become acquainted with them. Upon the information which I was enabled to give them; there was a party of scouts consisting of one hundred and thirty men, and twelve spies, commanded by Major M'Cully, and Captains Guthry and Stevenson, immediately raised, and started from Coe's station, in pursuit of the Indians.

This party explored the woods, and at length with considerable difficulty, they found the camp which I had described to them; and ascertained that it was as large, and apparently as much frequented as I

had represented it to be. But the Indians had fled from it, doubtedly under the apprehension, that my escape from them, would lead to their detection. After ten days range through the wilderness, and not finding any of the savages, the party returned again, without being able to accomplish any thing.

The circumstances which transpired during my absence, were awful in the extreme: the account of which was communicated to me upon my return. Now, I was informed, that my dear child that was scalped, tomahawked and stabbed, lived in agony, notwithstanding the inhuman treatment which he received, for two days.

The Indians who left us, and went towards Puckety, went on to the house of John Curry, and plundered, and burnt it, and burnt the barn and all in it; and the family very narrowly escaped. They were alarmed while they were in bed, and fled from their habitation nearly naked. When the savages found no one in the house, and were consequently unable to gratify their savage thirst for blood upon human victims, they went and killed, and scalped the calves, and hung the scalps on poles, and shot arrows into the cows.

After they had committed all the depredations, and acts of cruelty which they were able, at Mr. Curry's, the savages went on to Puckety. But the news of their depredations went before them, and the inhabitants were flying in every direction. They had not proceeded much more than a mile up the creek, when they fell in with the families of Mr. Flails and Mr. Mellons, who were flying from the savages. The Indians immediately fired upon them and wounded the two men, and old Mrs. Flail, and took the eldest daughter of Mr. Flails a prisoner. Her name is Elizabeth. And with Miss Flails, they took the horses belonging to the two families, and all their plunder, and burnt the house and barn of Mr. Hugh Mellons.

Fifty or sixty women and children, who had fled from their respective houses, from their murderous enemies, for safety, collected together that night,

at the house of Mr. M'Glochlands, where the Indians came in the night, and took a number of horses from a field by the house. In the evening Mr. John Anderson and son went from the house of Mr. M'Glochland, to their own house, a little distance, to settle a little business, after which, on their return to their company, as they were coming to the fence, to cross the foot way to come to the house, the gun of young Anderson most unaccountably went off: for nothing was farther from their wish, than firing at such a time as this; but upon this *providential* fire, seven or eight savages started up a few yards from them, and run off with all speed; doubtless imagining, that their ambush was discovered, and that they were in danger. But the going off of the gun cannot be accounted for, only as it was the merciful and miraculous interposition of Divine Providence, for the preservation of *their* lives, and the lives of others. Those who had fled to this situation, feeling that it would be unsafe for them to remain there any longer, before day light the next morning fled, in a most deplorable situation, from the frontiers to the inhabited part of the country.

The Indians on this day went on plundering a quantity of horses, and every thing they could meet with, but they were not able to kill any white person; but on the next day, that is Thursday 24th, they killed Bartholomew Garvey, about fifty rods from Chamber's station. Garvey was on his way to Reed's station, with two horse loads of bacon, for the garrison there, when the Indians fired on him and killed him.

There was now a considerable scout out after the Savages, for their depredations or murders had roused the country, and induced it to put all its energies into operation; hence on this day they were so closely pursued, that they had to kill a stud horse which they had plundered. They ran a sword into the body of the horse, and left him in that situation; but before the poor animal was dead, the scouts came up to them. During the remainder of this week

they were so closely pursued by the whites, that they were unable to do any more mischief in this neighbourhood. In the week following they took from a corn field of Samuel Homes, on Crooked Creek, his son and daughter, and bore them away prisoners. This was the last depredation the Savages were able to make this summer on the Allegheny. About five weeks after this, my husband, being one of the spies, was out with one of the scouts, when they fell in with an Indian about Puckety, and killed him, as he was in the act of firing on them, and thus my husband, to revenge the murder of his children, scalped him. This was the only injury which we were able to do the Indians through this summer.

Elizabeth Flails, whose captivity by the Savages was mentioned in a preceding page, after sixteen months absence, was again restored to her friends. She now lives on the waters of Buffaloe, in Armstrong County, Pa. and has given the following account of her captivity, escape, &c. &c.

She says, that the Indians took her across the Kiskiminetas, and in the forks of the Kiskiminetas and the Allegheny, because they were so closely pursued by the white people, they hid her there three days. While she was in this retreat, she says, she saw white people every day. On the fourth day, they took her up the river for a considerable distance, there they made a bark canoe, in which they took her across the river. This day they killed a deer and dressed some of the meat, and the smell of the meat made her faint, for she had been from the time of her captivity without food.

While they were in this place, the two Indians from whom I made my escape came to them, and showed them the scalp of the boy they had taken. They stated that the white people had come upon them, and took the *woman away from them*. This refers to me, and this was the way they accounted for my escape from the Indians. Miss Flails said, she knew a shawl of mine, which one of them had about his neck. The Savages told her they must

alter their course, as there were white people after them.

A little before the sun went down, she said they came upon a track of a person, who was travelling without any thing upon the feet. When they saw this they were struck with astonishment, and one of the Savages followed the track till dark. At dark they rang a bell, and made a noise like owls, to bring him back to his party again. When he came back he said he had heard, either the cry of a child, or young bear, he could not tell which; but said he listened and examined for a long time, but could hear nothing afterwards.

This was without doubt, the very Indian who pursued me, and the cry which he heard, *was that of my child*, when I put him down to collect some leaves to make a bed. Doubtless this was the man who remained near me so long, when I took my child, hid him in my bosom, and hid him in the boughs of a tree as before mentioned.

Miss Flails, says, that she was claimed by one of the Indians for a sister, in the room of one he had lost by death; and she was adopted into his family, as his sister; according to the mode of adoption among them. They took her to Guyahauga, and there she had to hoe corn a little; but the Indian who claimed her as his sister, was remarkably good to her. From hence they went to the river to the traders, who came to deal with them and receive their booty. She said she had a desire to speak to the traders, to see if there were any probability of escaping with them; but it came to the last day of their stay, and she almost despaired of an opportunity. When she had almost given up the hope, she went to the spring by the side of the river, and the trader saw her there, and had a desire to speak to her, and she came to him, and the plot was laid for her to escape that night at 9 o'clock. At the appointed hour, she went to the river, and crossed it before the trader came for her. But he came according to appointment, took her, and hid her for two nights and one day; during which time the In-

Indians made every search within their power; but all in vain. When he was ready to start with his cargo, he came, and dressed her in his own clothes, and put a gun in her hand, and took her right through the camp of the Indians, at a late hour of the night, and she was not detected, notwithstanding all their vigilance.

The Trader then took her to Detroit, and she was there furnished with clothing, and there she remained till the June following; he then took her with another of the Indians' prisoners, which he had brought with him that spring, through the wilderness, to Bald Eagle Valley, on the Susquehannah, to his own house, and then she wrote to her father, and her father went and brought her home to his own house again; where she was received, almost as one from the dead. He also brought the other liberated woman with him.

CHAPTER VI.

Our re-settlement on the Allegheny River; further trials and alarms; depredations of the Indians; their final overthrow.

After these scenes of trial, privation and distress had passed over, the privation we had suffered, in the complete plunder of all our property, by the savages, left us entirely destitute of the necessities of life; so that when we settled down at Coe's station, among comparative strangers, we had to begin anew. Here I had to enter upon hard labour in washing, &c. for the men at the Station, to procure a livelihood. In this station, which is about seventeen miles above Pittsburgh, I remained nearly three years.

The remaining part of the year '92, passed over, without any material injury being added to the last which has been before related. There were numerous alarms, and the inhabitants frequently fled from their plantations to the Station, for safety. During

the whole season there was a strong guard kept up at the Station, commanded by Major M'Cully.

In the year of 1793, the army under the command of the gallant General Wayne, so completely occupied the attention of the Indians, that they were unable to commit any depredations upon the frontiers; hence this season passed over without any material depredations having being committed upon the frontiers.

In 1794 they Savages again made their appearance, and commenced their horrid work of pillage, spoilation and murder.

In June, they attacked a canoe, going up the Allegheny river, to Franklin, and killed John Carter, wounded William Cousins and Peter Kinner, but they were unable to obtain the scalp of either of them; for the man they killed, instead of falling overboard, fell into the canoe, and the men who were wounded paddled the canoe out of their reach.

Two or three days after this, the Savages attacked the boat of Capt. Sharp, as he was descending the Kiskiminetas river, about fifteen miles from its mouth. In the attack which they made on Capt. Sharp's boat, the Savages were but too successful, for they killed four of his men, and mortally wounded the Captain himself, who survived the wounds which he received for several weeks, but died of them in Pittsburgh. The boat in which they were killed, and wounded, floated down the stream, entered the Allegheny, and passed two Stations in the night, without being discovered, or without the assistance of any one on board to steer, or to row her; and came opposite to Mr. Thomas Gurty's, a little below the mouth of Deer Creek; when the fourth man died, and when the women, who were in the boat, fearing that the Captain was about to expire, and that they were to be left alone, called to the people on shore, for their assistance; who immediately put off a boat to their assistance, and brought their boat to the shore.

Four of the men had wives in the boat with them. *These were compelled to witness the murder of their*

husbands, and to set in their blood, as it flowed freely and warm, from their veins The wife of Capt. Guthrey, who was in the boat with her husband, was shortly after she arrived in Pittsburgh, delivered of her ninth child. The men who brought the boat to shore, after they had made every arrangement they were able, took the boat to Pittsburgh.

When the boat was first attacked by the savages, one of the men belonging to it was on shore taking care of the horses which they were bringing to town. He witnessed the attack which the savages made upon his comrades, but found it impossible to render them any assistance, or to get into the boat. He, therefore, left all the horses behind him and ran off as fast as he was able, and two Indians after him, who pursued him so closely, that he could distinctly hear them following him. They kept up the pursuit, till 11 o'clock at night, when finding themselves unable to get up to him, they gave over their chase. He however, kept on his rout, and arrived in Pittsburgh before the boat.

In those days of danger and trouble, notwithstanding all my former suffering from Indian barbarity, my husband on the 15th day December this year, (1794,) moved me out on the waters of Bull Creek, about two miles below where I now reside, to settle a tract of land. In the creek bottom, a log house was raised for me to live in, but it had neither floor nor loft, nor was it either chunked or daubed. Here during a severe winter, I lived, or rather dragged out a miserable existence, with three small children to care for. My husband was at this time a spy, and only came home from his employment, once in seven or eight days. In this dreary and desolate situation, I was seven miles from the abode of any white person, and more frequently saw Wolves, than any of the human species.

In the Spring of 1795, I became so much alarmed and afraid of an attack from the Indians, (remembering well what I had endured from their savage cruelty already,) that my husband was under the necessity of removing me from this dangerous situa-

tion, to the mouth of Buffaloe Creek, at what was called Creggs' station.

Here five women and thirteen children lived together in peace. All the men at the station being out, endeavouring to ascertain the movement of the Savages. This station was the place of their general rendezvous. Sometimes they would repair to it of an evening, and sometimes we were left alone.

Nothing particularly occurred till about the middle of May, when one evening as we were about to call the cows to milk, we observed them at a point of a hill, and the hindmost was coming apparently much frightened, and the dogs began most fearfully to bark. With the deepest anxiety we stood at the door of the station and listened, and distinctly heard *whistling on a charger*, in different directions, as fast as they could respond.

At this time we were in a very defenceless situation, having neither man, nor gun, and being perfectly unprepared for an attack. We hastened into the house to consult what was best to be done. Most of the women were dreadfully afraid, and anticipated nothing but death, or that which was more to be dreaded than death. All concluded if we remained at the station till day we should be murdered.

I then proposed that each woman should take her own children, and take a blanket, and go into the woods apart, and there secret ourselves till the morning.

This proposition was no sooner made, but it was rejected. The rest objected to leaving me, believing that I was the best able to plot a retreat, and escape, having before been so much accustomed to those scenes of trial.

What steps to take we were at a loss to determine, for our situation was as defenceless at the river, as it was at the station; for provided we could ever gain the river, we had no craft, but a Perogue, without any thing to work it, but oars, and they were so large, that it was impossible for us to work them. I then requested two of the women to take

some beds to the boat, and to take the children and put them on the beds, while I went with two more women to the boat, and placing the oars under water to prevent any noise, with a hand saw I cut the oars in two, so that I was able to make paddles of them with a draw-knife. This being accomplished, we all got into the perogue; but no one was able to do any thing towards managing it, but Mrs. Mahaffry and myself, and we were entire strangers to the river; consequently, when we came to the point of the island, a mile below Buffaloe, we ran aground, and landed on the island. Here we concluded we would spread our beds on the ground, and lie down till the morning. But we no sooner came to this conclusion, than we beheld a fire kindled on the top of the bank on the Indian side of the river. We could distinctly see men walking round the fire, and hence concluded that it would not be safe to remain where we were till morning, least we should be seen, pursued and murdered. We therefore waded into the water, and exerted ourselves, till we succeeded in getting the boat back into the stream again, and went down the stream as far as Owen's station, and here we again ran aground, and got into such difficulties, that we were unable to extricate ourselves from them. At the same time the sky lowered for rain, and it began to thunder and lightning very dreadfully.

Here we were compelled to remain till the morning. We took the beds out of the boat, and all the company laid down, but myself and an infant at my breast. I took my station with my infant in my arms, at the point of the hill, watching till morning; when the morning came, I went and awoke those who had laid down. One of the women went and called to some white men, who had collected on the island to raise corn, and succeeded in making them acquainted with our distressed situation; eight or ten of whom came and released us from our dangers and fears.

The men of the station came home the next day, and came and took us back again to the station.

The Indians, however, committed no depredations for five or six days from this: It was supposed they found they had been detected, and therefore, did not attempt any thing. At the end of five or six days, they came back, and began to chase the horses within a few rods of the house. But by this time a force of 40 men had collected at the station and therefore we were not so apprehensive of personal injury. But we could hear them chasing the horses most of the night. Some of the horses escaped to the house and two of them crossed Buffaloe Creek, and ran to Coe's station. The men were watching during the night, on, and about the house; in the morning they pursued the Savages, so that they were unable to take away any horses.

This was the *last attack* the Indians ever made on the banks of the Allegheny for plunder, or murder. From this time the frontiers enjoyed repose, and were enabled to pursue the cultivation of their soil, each man setting under his own vine and fig-tree, without molestation or dread.

In the fall of this year, having defeated the Indians, General Wayne made a treaty with them, which they have found it to be their advantage and safety to regard.

On the 17th of August, I again went back to my last winter's quarters on Bull Creek, and still remained without neighbours, till the cold weather; when two families, one about three miles, and the other about four distant, came and settled. The one, namely Mr. Ezekiel Davy, is now living on the same plantation, on which he then settled. These were the only neighbours we had till 1796.

Since those days of privation and sorrow, I have been a widow, to care for a numerous family. Vicissitude and sorrow, have still marked my journey through life. But having obtained help from God, I continue to the present day, and in the midst of all my judgments and trials, I have cause to bless the name of the Lord, for his deliverance and his mercies.

CHAPTER VII.

The following narration of facts relating to the Indian War, during the period embraced in the preceding Narrative, and confirmatory to some of the facts therein recorded, was communicated to the Editor, by Mr. John Clough, now living on Deer Creek, twelve miles above Pittsburgh, on the Allegheny.

I was called out as a militia man, in the year 1791, and was in the corps commanded by Captain John Cregg, and was stationed on Crooked Creek, on the frontiers of Westmoreland county. While we were at Hesser station, the men were frequently ranging the wilderness, for the double purpose of hunting and spying, and had frequent intimations that Indians were near them. Sometimes, for the purpose of decoying us, the Savages would cry as turkies, at other times, they would whistle on a charger. But they felt themselves too weak to attack the station. Some of the planters, knowing that the station was strong, felt themselves so secure, that they remained on their own plantations, and had two or three of the men to remain with them, to defend them. Mr. John Kilpatrick remained on his plantation, and had three men for his guard. The temptation presented to the Savages by this disposition of the whites, was too strong, and though they felt their weakness, so as not to attack the station, they felt that they were able to attack them, thus isolated. One morning in the latter end of March, when all the family of Mr. Kilpatrick were at home, and their guard with them, just as they had been offering their morning sacrifice, of praise and thanksgiving to the God of their salvation; as one of their guards went to the door, three savages with their rifles cocked, and their tomahawks ready for their murderous projects, rushed forward, to enter the house; but the man seeing his danger fastened the door. The door was made of clapboards. The Indians, then fired their rifles through the door, and wounded the man who kept the door, in his wrist, and killed a child, lying in a cradle in the house.

Mr. K. and one of the militia, went into the loft, made an incision in the wall, and began a fire on the Indians, and killed one of them on the spot, and then the rest made a precipitate retreat. Mrs. K. remained below, busily employed in running bullets, while her husband and his companion were firing them off.

In the year '92, as the account of Mrs. Harbison, and others will testify, the savages were very vigilant. I saw *Mrs Harbison*, when she was taken into Pittsburgh, immediately after her return from her captivity, that she might give in her deposition before a magistrate, and remember that she was in a most deplorable and mangled condition. I assisted in pushing her up the Allegheny river to Coe's station, about 16 miles above Pittsburgh, in a canoe, as she was then unable to walk herself.

In August, I was out in a scout with Levi Cooper and Mrs. Harbison's husband, and ten or twelve others, when a shower of rain was coming on, we sought refuge in an old cabin, and found an Indian in the act of firing upon us when we entered. Several of the scouts immediately fired upon him, and he fell dead, and John Harbison, as an act of revenge for the murder of his children, scalped him.

In 93, I was employed by Gen. John Wilkins, on an expedition to Casewaga, or what is now called Meadville, and in La Boeuf. This spring, as soon as the river broke up, we took stores up the Allegheny for the militia. The Indians were numerous, and notwithstanding Congress had made peace with Cornplanter and his party; some of the Savages were very hostile, and would not be bound by the treaty. We were in considerable danger in ascending the river, and the movements of the Savages were so hostile, when we had arrived at our destination, that we, and the inhabitants, were much alarmed. General Wilkins left me here in charge of the stores, while he went to Pittsburgh to procure more. He sent a canoe laden with stores, under the command of Captain Couzens. They ascended safely to the mouth of the Kiskiminetas, when a

party of Indians attacked them. Couzens and all on board with him were killed, and the savages took possession of the boat and all in it.

The hostility of the Indians prevented the General from returning to me, and rendered it unsafe for me to remain by myself. I therefore, left my situation for Pittsburgh, and three days after, a man was killed by an Indian, as he went to the edge of the town for his cows. About the same time, Mr. William Powers was attacked and killed, and a man that was with him was wounded, but was enabled to escape by flight, between Franklin and Pittsburgh, by the White Oak springs. Through the protection of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, I was enabled to arrive safe at Pittsburgh.

About this time also, the boat of Captain Shalps, was attacked by the Indians, and those various calamities resulted from it, recited by Mrs. Harbison. The victory of General Wayne, put an end to the depredations of those monsters, and restored peace to our frontiers.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEFEAT OF THE INDIANS BY GENERAL WAYNE, AUGUST 20th, 1794.

Gen. Wayne to the Secretary of War.

“SIR—It is with infinite pleasure that I announce to you the brilliant success of the Federal army under my command, in a general action with the combined force of the hostile Indians, and a considerable number of the volunteers and militia of Detroit on the 20th of August, on the banks of the Miamies, in the vicinity of the British post and garrison at the foot of the Rapids.

The army advanced from Fort Washington on the 15th, and arrived at Roach De Bout on the 18th, and the 19th we were employed in making a tempo-

rary post for the reception of our stores and baggage, and in reconnoitring the position of the enemy who were encamped behind a thick bushy wood and the British fort.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, the army again advanced in columns agreeably to the standing order of the march, the legion on the right, its right flank covered by the Miamies—one brigade of mounted volunteers on the left under Brigadier-General *Todd*, and the other in the rear under Brigadier-General *Barbee*. A select battalion, of mounted volunteers, moved in front of the legion! commanded by Major *Price*, who was directed to keep sufficiently advanced, and to give timely notice for the troops to form in case of action, it being yet undetermined whether the Indians would decide for peace or war.

After advancing about five miles, Major *Price's* corps received so severe a fire from the enemy, who were secreted in the woods and high grass, as to compel them to retreat.

The legion was immediately formed in two lines, principally in a close thick wood which extended for miles on our left and for a very considerable distance in front, the ground being covered with old fallen timber, probably occasioned by a tornado, which rendered it impracticable for the cavalry to act with effect, and afforded the enemy the most favorable covert for their mode of warfare; the Savages were formed in three lines within supporting distance of each other, and extended for near two miles at right angles with the river. I soon discovered from the weight of the fire and extent of their lines, that the enemy were in full force in front, in possession of their favourite ground, and endeavouring to turn our left flank; I therefore gave orders for the second line to advance to support the first, and directed Major-General *Scott* to gain and turn the right flank of the Savages, with the whole of the mounted volunteers, by a circuitous rout; at the same time I ordered the front line to advance and charge with trailed arms, and rouse the Indians

from their coverts at the point of the bayonet, and when up to deliver a close and well directed fire on their backs, followed by a brisk charge so as not to give them time to load again, or to form their lines.

I also ordered Capt. *M. Cambell*, who commanded the legionary cavalry, to turn the left flank of the enemy next the river, and which afforded a favourable field for that corps to act in—all those orders were obeyed with spirit and promptitude; but such was the impetuosity of the charge by the first line of infantry that the Indians and Canadian militia and volunteers were drove from all their coverts, in so short a time, that although every possible exertion was used by the officers of the second line of the legion, and by Generals *Scott*, *Wood* and *Barbee*, of the mounted volunteers to gain their proper positions, but part of each could get up in time to participate in the action, the enemy being drove in the course of one hour more than two miles, through the thick wood already mentioned, by less than one half their number.

From every account the enemy amounted to two thousand combatants, the troops that actually engaged them were short of nine hundred. This horde of Savages, with their allies, abandoned themselves to flight, and dispersed with terror and dismay, leaving the victorious army in full and quiet possession of the field of battle, which terminated under the influence of the guns of the British garrison.

Lieutenant *Covington*, upon whom the command of the cavalry devolved (Capt. *Cambell* being killed) cut down two Savages with his own hand, and Lieutenant *Webb* one, in turning the enemy's left flank.

The wounds received by Captains *Slough*, *Prior*, *Van Ransalaer* and *Rowliur*, and Lieutenants *M. Kenny* and *Smith*, bear honourable testimony of their bravery and conduct; in fact every officer and soldier who had an opportunity to come into action displayed the true bravery which will always insure success; and here permit me to declare that I have never discovered more true spirit and anxie-

ty for action than appeared to pervade the whole of the mounted volunteers, and I am well persuaded, that had the enemy maintained their favourite ground for one half hour longer, they would have most severely felt the prowess of that corps.

But whilst I pay this just tribute to the living, I must not neglect the gallant dead, among whom we have to lament the early death of those worthy and brave officers, Capt. *Cambell* and Lieut. *Towles*, who fell in the first charge.

The loss of the enemy was more than double to that of the federal army—the woods were strewed for a considerable distance with dead bodies of Indians and their white auxiliaries, the latter armed with British muskets and bayonets. We remained three days and nights on the banks of the Miamies, in front of the field of battle, during which time all the houses and cornfields were consumed and destroyed for a considerable distance above and below the garrison, among which were the houses, stores and property of Col. *M'Kee*, the British Indian agent and principal stimulator of the war now existing between the United States and the Savages.

The army returned to head-quarters on the 27th, by easy marches, laying waste the villages and cornfields for about fifty miles on each side of the Miamies. It is not improbable but that the enemy may make one desperate effort against the army, as it is said a reinforcement was hourly expected at Fort Miamies from Niagara, as well as numerous tribes of Indians living on the margins and islands of the lakes. This is an event rather to be wished for than dreaded. Whilst the army remains in force, their numbers will only tend to confuse the savages, and the victory will be the more complete and decisive, and which may eventually insure a permanent and happy peace.

The following is a return of the killed, wounded and missing of the federal army; in the late action, to wit:—

Killed—1 Captain, 1 Lieutenant; 3 Sergeants, 28 privates—Total 33.

Wounded—4 Captains, 2 Lieutenants, 1 Ensign,
4 Sergeants, 3 Corporals, 2 Musicians, 84 privates;
—Total 100.

I have the honor to be,
your most humble and obedient servant.

ANTHONY WAYNE."

"*To the Secretary of War.*"

CHAPTER VIII.

*Depredations of the Indians on the Frontiers in 1791, 1792
and 1793.*

ON the 10th December 1791, as two men and three boys were fishing on Floyd's fork of Salt River, they were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians, who killed the two men and made prisoners of the boys. Soon after they liberated one of the lads, first presenting him with a tomahawk, which they desired him to carry to his friends and inform them what had become of his companions.

About the 20th, a party of Indians attacked the house of a *Mr. Chenoweth*, situated near the mouth of the Wabash; they killed and scalped two of his children and tomahawked and scalped his wife, whom they left for dead—*Mr. C.* (who had his arm broken by the fire of the savages) with the remainder of the family made their escape.—A sick daughter who was confined to her chamber, and who, during the bloody affray; had been forgotten by her father, remained ignorant of the horrid massacre until the succeeding day, when, no one of the family coming to her assistance, she succeeded in crawling down stairs, where she was inexpressibly shocked at the sight of a beloved parent stretched upon the floor, almost lifeless, and beside whom lay the mangled bodies of her dear brothers. Fortunately, her unhappy father returned the succeeding day, and conveyed the two surviving members of his

family to the house of a friend, where they finally recovered.

On the 24th, a party of Indians attacked the dwelling house of a *Mr. John Merrill*, in Nelson county, (Kentucky,)—*Mr. Merrill*, who was first alarmed by the barking of his dog, hastened to the door to discover the cause, on opening of which, he received the fire of the Indians which broke his right leg and arm—the Indians now attempted to enter the house, but were prevented by the door being immediately closed and secured by *Mrs. Merrill* and her daughter—the Indians succeeded in hewing away a part of the door, through which passage one of them attempted to enter, but the heroic mother, in the midst of her screaming children and groaning husband, seized an axe and gave the ruffian a fatal blow; after which she hauled him through the passage into the house!—the others (unconscious of the fate of their companion) supposing that they had now nearly succeeded in their object, rushed forward, four of whom *Mrs. Merrill* in like manner despatched before the others discovered their mistake.—The remaining Indians, after retiring for a few moments, returned and renewed their efforts to enter the house—despairing of succeeding at the door they got on the top of the house and attempted to descend the chimney, to prevent which *Mr. Merrill* directed his little son to empty upon the fire the contents of a feather bed, which had the desired effect, as the smoke and heat caused thereby, soon brought down, rather unexpectedly, two of the enemy:—*Mr. Merrill* exerting every faculty at this moment, seized a billet of wood with which he soon despatched the two half smothered Indians, while in the mean time his heroic wife was busily engaged in defending the door against the efforts of the only remaining one, whom she so severely wounded with an axe that he was soon glad to retire.

A prisoner who escaped from the enemy soon after the transaction, informed the wounded savage above mentioned was the only one that escaped of the party, which consisted of eight—that on his re-

turn being asked by the prisoner "what news," he answered "bad news for poor Indian, me lose a son, me lose a brother—the squaws have taken the breach clout and fight worse than the "*Long Knives!*"

CHAPTER IX.

Copy of a letter from Mr. John Corbly, (a Baptist minister,) to his friend in Philadelphia, dated

Muddy Creek, (Penn.) Sept. 1, 1792.

"DEAR SIR.—The following are the particulars of the destruction of my unfortunate family by the Savages. On the 10th of May last being my appointment to preach at one of my meeting houses, about a mile from my dwelling house, I sat out with my loving wife and five children, for public worship. Not suspecting any danger, I walked behind a few rods with my bible in my hand, meditating.—As I was thus employed, on a sudden, I was greatly alarmed by the frightful shrieks of my dear family before me—I immediately ran to their relief with all possible speed, vainly hunting a club as I ran—when within a few yards of them, my poor wife observing me, cried out to me to make my escape—at this instant an Indian ran up to shoot me. I had to strip, and by so doing out run him. My wife had an infant in her arms which the Indians killed and scalped, after which they struck my wife several times, but not bringing her to the ground, the Indian who attempted to shoot me, approached her and shot her through the body, after which they scalped her!—My little son, about six years old, they despatched by sinking their hatchets into his brains!—My little daughter, four years old, they in like manner killed and scalped! My eldest daughter attempting an escape by concealing herself in a hollow tree, about six rods from the fatal scene of action—observing the Indians retiring

(as she supposed) she deliberately crept from the place of her concealment, when one the Indians, who yet remained on the ground, espying her, ran up to her, and with his tomahawk knocked her down and scalped her!—But blessed be God, she yet survives, as does her little sister whom the savages in like manner tomahawked and scalped—they are mangled to a shocking degree, but the doctors think there are some hopes of their recovery.

When I supposed the Indians gone I returned to see what had become of my unfortunate family—whom, alas I found in the situation above described:—No one, my dear friend, can form a true conception of my feelings at this moment—a view of a scene so shocking to humanity quite overcame me—I fainted, and was unconsciously borne off by a friend who at the instant arrived to my relief.

Thus, dear sir, have I given you a faithful though a short narrative of the fatal catastrophe—and amidst which my life is spared, but for what purpose the Great Jehovah best knows—Oh, may I spend it to the praise and glory of his grace, who worketh all things after the council of his own will—the government of the world and the church is in his hands. I conclude with wishing you every blessing, and subscribe myself your affectionate though afflicted friend, and unworthy brother in the gospel ministry.



Copy of a letter from a gentleman in Marietta to his friend in Washington, dated

“Marietta, March 4, 1793.

“About eight weeks since, two brothers by the name of *Johnson*, one twelve, the other nine years old, were playing on the western bank of Short Creek, about twelve miles from Wheeling, skipping stones in the water.—At a distance they discovered two men, who appeared to be settlers, being dressed with coats and hats.—These men to amuse and deceive the children (as the event shewed) engaged

in the same sport, advancing towards the boys, till by degrees they got so near that the children discovered them to be Indians; but it was then too late to make their escape. The Indians seized and carried them six miles into the woods, where they made a fire, and took up their lodgings for the night; their rifles and tomahawks they rested against a tree and then laid down, each Indian with a boy on his arm. The children as may be supposed, kept awake—the eldest began to move, and finding his Indian sound asleep, by degrees disengaged himself, and went to the fire, which had then got low, and stirred it up; the Indian not awaking, he whispered to his brother, who likewise crept away, and both of them went to the fire. The oldest boy then observed to his brother, “I think we can kill these Indians, and get away from them”—the youngest agreed in the proposal of attempting it. The oldest then took one of the rifles, and placed the muzzle, which he rested on a small stick that he found for the purpose, close to the head of one of the Indians, and committing the execution of this part of the business to his brother, ordered him to pull the trigger at the moment he saw him strike the other Indian with one of the tomahawks. The oldest gave the signal; the youngest pulled the trigger—the rifle shot away the lower part of the Indian’s face and left him senseless; he then told his brother to lay on for he had done for his; after which he snatched up the gun and ran; the boy with the tomahawk gave the stroke with the wrong end; the Indian started on his seat—the boy found the mistake, and turning the tomahawk in his hand, gave him another blow which brought him to the ground; he then repeated his strokes until he had despatched him, and then made the best of his way after his brother. When the boys had found the path which they had recollected to have travelled before, the oldest fixed his hat on a bush, as a directory to find the scene of action the next day. The tomahawked Indian was found near the place where the boys had left him. The other was not there; but was tracked by his

blood, and although so weakened by his wounds, that he could not raise his rifle to fire at his pursuers (the whites) they suffered him to escape; but it is supposed he must have died of his wounds. These two Indians were sent out to reconnoitre the best place for an attack, which was to have been made by a body of warriors, waiting in the neighbourhood.

FINIS.





Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Dec. 2002

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

